

Johnson, Stationer and Printer, 7 N. 10th St.

CRUELTY TO JOHNNY!

Cruel vos de Captain vot took my Shon vrom me,
Cruel vos de ship vot took him o'er de sea,
Cruel vos de fust mate vot sends him up aloft,
Und cruel vos the cannon ball vot shoot my Shon's legs off.
Spoken.----Vos'nt it Shonny?

Uf korse it vos Leesy. Give 'em de koris.

Chorus. Deedlum, deedlum, di do, &c.

Cruel ish de vinter vôt now's a coomin on,
Cruel is de viskey punch, vot is'nt too quite strong enough,
Cruel ish de rain ven he valls down uf dem skies,
Uud crueler vos de Captain's fist ven he hnock his left eye
outer.

Spoken.----I'ent it Leesy?

Yaa's Shonny. Give 'em de koris. Chorus.

Cruel vos de ouer ven I did leave mine home,
Cruel vos de vind ven he blowed an orful storm,
Cruel vos de ship vot rise to sink no more,
Und crueler vos de piece of soap vot vould'nt wash my Shon
ashore.

Spoken,----Vosn't it Shonny?

I baet you Leesy Give 'em de koris. Chorus.

Cruel ish cold vedder, vos now a coomin on,
Cruel ish de Alms House man vot knows us two so long
enough,
Crueler ish de bolicemen's und crueler ish de laws,
Uud crueler you vill be, mine vrens, uf you don't give us some
applause.

Spoken.----I'ent it Leesy?

Sartinlee Shonny.

Vell den Leesy de best ting is to give 'em de koris. Chorus.

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